

and I'm sure when you get lame and old there'll always be a seat for you."

In company with several young friends a boy was hurrying along the walk of a busy street. Suddenly he stopped with a glad exclamation, took off his hat and bowed, while his face grew radiant. A country carriage, in which sat an old-fashioned, but smiling old lady, went rolling swiftly by.

"Who's that old lady that you're so mighty polite to?" asked one of the boys. "That's the best and dearest old lady in the whole world," was the quick, proud answer. "That's my grandmother."

Many a boy, could he voice his thoughts would sing with the poets:

"Who shall guess what I may be?
Who can tell my fortune to me?"

And we can easily answer the questions when a boy who respects age asks them.

"For bravest and brightest that ever was sung,
May be—and shall be—the lot of the young."

MR. MOODY ON BABIES AND BOYS AT CHURCH.

Two incidents in the St. Louis meeting illustrated the evangelist's remarkable tact. One occasion when that quality was strikingly revealed was in his announcement as to mothers who were in the audience with babies. Instead of making these women uncomfortable by singling them out for criticism or unkindly animadversion, he said: "I am glad to see women with little babies here. If we can get the mothers of America we will capture the homes of the country. I would sooner shut out the old bachelors from my congregations than to exclude the mothers. But I have a request to make of these mothers who are here today with their little ones in their arms. If you will relocate yourselves so as to get near the doors, then in case the babies get restless, or become noisy you can step out into the corridor, quiet them, and then speedily return. If you do this no one will be disturbed, and you yourselves will not be much hindered in the enjoyment of the meeting." Again, just before the sermon, an usher, in trying to seat the people, asked three boys occupying seats in the front row to move to another part of the house. "Stop there," called out Mr. Moody, "let the boys stay where they are. When the boys come early, and keep their seats, and behave quietly as these lads have done, they must not be disturbed. I have something to say to those boys by and by."—*Central Christian Advocate.*

The man who is too proud to stoop in the service of Christ will never be able to reach high enough to pluck fruit from the tree of life.

DECORATION DAY.

ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

There is no grave throughout the world to-day
That's unadorned. Angels that hither stray
Have never learned in blissful realms above
How to neglect, since no neglect knows love;
Hence no lone grave these guardians pass by.
The mound of traveler 'neath foreign sky
They kiss until myriad flowers respond,
Emblems of blossoms of the Sweet Beyond.
The sailor pillowed on the azure wave,
Where winds have hollowed out his ocean grave,
They visit, and their lacy seaweeds strew
By handfuls o'er the mariner so true.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there

—Collins.

The Christian Life.

MY LITTLE WORK.

Master, to do great work for thee, my hand
Is far too weak! Thou givest what may suit—
Some little chips to cut with care minute,
Or tint or grave, or polish. Others stand
Before their quarried marble fair and grand,
And make a life-work of the great design
Which thou hast traced; or many skilled combined
To build vast temples, gloriously planned.
Yet take the tiny stones which I have wrought,
Just one by one, as they were given by thee,
Not knowing what came next in thy wise thoughts;
Set each stone by the master hand of grace;
Form the mosaic as thou wilt for me,
And in thy temple pavement give it place.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

WHY I LOVE JESUS.

EMMA BEATRICE GNAGEY.

On a beautiful Sabbath evening not long since, the services in the chapel were very impressive and furnished me food for thought during the following week. Indeed, the impression left upon me shall remain thro life. The subject was one in which we all felt a deep interest, Why I love Jesus. We cannot count the reasons we have for loving Jesus. They are innumerable. A reason of which I had never thought before came to me. I love Jesus because he alone satisfies. It is said that when the aged Bishop Jones lay dying his son-in-law said to him, "What shall I do for you?" He replied, "I need no help; I have Jesus. He is enough." When they asked him whether they should pray, he said, "No; I have done my praying. I do not need to pray now. I am ready to go." Thus the venerable servant

of God died satisfied with Christ in whose services his life had been spent.

A beautiful story is told which illustrates the satisfaction Christ alone can give. A chaplain crossing a battlefield stepped up to a wounded soldier and said, "Can I do anything for you?" "Oh, no," replied the soldier; "I want nothing. I have Jesus here with me. Please put my blanket up over my face and let me die with all shut out but Jesus." And so the soldier died with his face hid in the blanket damp with his own blood, no friends to minister to his wants and to speak words of comfort and cheer to him, no tears shed for him, yet he wanted nothing. How beautiful the thought! Jesus enough! Search the world thro and you will find no one without Christ who can say, "I have all I want."

But above all other reasons I love him because he is love itself, infinite love without which we are nothing and which we are unable to comprehend.

IDLE MONEY.

There are many persons who have money lying idle. They are, in fact, afraid to invest it or use it for fear they will lose it, and so they hoard it or keep it lying idle. But if it lies idle they are sure to lose it. It is useless to them while they have it, and before long they must leave it and go where they never will see it again.

The only way to avoid losing money is to use it. The way to preserve seed is to sow it; and the way to make treasures forever safe is to lay them up in heaven, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

The man who has possessions which he does not need, and for which he has no legitimate and necessary use, will do well to consider carefully what God, who entrusted these possessions to him, intends that he should do with them. He is but a steward; in a little while his term of stewardship will expire; and if he lays up his treasures on the earth he must leave them, and go not only empty-handed, but as an unfaithful steward to give account to his Master. But if the man to whom the Lord entrusts this world's goods will be faithful to his trust, will devise liberal things, will carefully study to know what God would have him do with the wealth he has committed to his charge, he may thus lay up in store a good foundation against the time to come, and lay hold on eternal life; so that when earthly possessions shall fail and pass away he shall have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, and shall be received to everlasting habita-